

At Double Tee Ranch

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1906 by E. C. Pearce

"No man can win me until he proves himself a better cowboy than I am!" dashed the girl. Then, as her gaze swept over the assembled outfit of the Double Tee ranch she broke into a ringing, scowful laugh. But the men felt there had been more than jest in her words. Hairy faced Tom Bigelow—Wooley Dog Tom—placed his hand over his heart.

"There's a p'nted sentiment, Miss Tensie," he remarked shrewdly. "And it implies us boys here considerable, seeing four of us have asked you to marry since you stood here on the horse. Now in justice to the Double Tee outfit we'd ask you to name the conditions and cards. If it's to round up a stampeding herd single-handed or ride a locoed horse or—"

"I don't think the man's among you, Mr. Wooley," interrupted the girl. "If you'll hurry Pete up with that note I'll be going. I could have written a dozen answers in this time. There he comes now."

A cowboy was emerging from the ranch shack, and following him was the new owner, fresh from the east and immaculate in a taller made cowboy costume. He was a handsome fellow and came forward quickly, doffing his hat.

"Tell your father I am awfully obliged to him for his neighborliness, Miss Neuman," he said, "and that he can depend upon me to be at the ranchmen's meeting. I want to identify myself with the country now. That note will explain about the horses. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but there seemed to be no paper or pencil in the outfit."

Tensie Neuman took the note and bowed, then touched her horse lightly. As she swept away the curiosity in the new owner's eyes was mingled with surprised admiration.

"A magnificent girl!" he ejaculated involuntarily. But Robson, the foreman, was near enough to hear him.

"Yes," he said quietly; "you don't see such girls in the east, Mr. Rand, and even here in the plains Miss Tensie is an exception."

"She's a goddess!" agreed Mr. Rand enthusiastically. Then he swung deadly to the outfit, his face darkening.

"Look here men!" he cried hotly. "I don't like the way you talked to that girl. It was positively insulting. Why, I heard four of you proposing to the girl right here in the presence of all the rest, and you were in earnest."

"In dead earnest," asserted Wooley Dog Tom pathetically—"the dastard kind of earnest. An' I have myself heard the same four propose to her individually an' collectively more times than I've got fingers an' toes an' generally in the presence of witnesses. An' why not? Everybody knows every cuss here loves her an' tain't nothin' to be ashamed of. Lord, Mr. Raid, we've been acquainted with Miss Tensie ever since her father brought her to this ranch two years ago, an' we've been proposing to her on all chances an' occasions through the twenty-four months. I'd have asked her to marry me today only these coyotes kept their everlasting jaws going."

"What gets me," said Wild Smith gently, "is how she shaps out sometimes, just like now. Maybe we ought to draw her off by herself, boys, an' speak out so in mes'ns. Maybe gals like propostions to be private rehearsals."

"Not Miss Tensie," declared Wooley Dog Tom authoritatively. "It's practice for her to say no in different ways. She's bound to like it. Lord, I'd rather hear her say no than any other gal yet! It's worth proposin' just to have her eyes on one and her attention for a minute. And that's the way we all feel. Every cuss in this outfit has been proposin' to her, except Robson there, an' he don't propose to nobody. He's too all fired dried up. Now, Mr. Rand!"

"Never mind bringing me in," said Mr. Rand shortly. "No girl cares to be proposed to in that way, much less a girl like Miss Neuman. You cowboys!"

"Are as fine a lot of men as there are in the world," finished the foreman briskly. "I am glad you feel that way about us, Mr. Rand, especially as you are to become a cowboy, in a way, yourself. Miss Tensie regards us in the same manner; for she knows that any one in the outfit would give his life freely to save her from danger, and that is more than many of the well dressed men east would do. The mere fact of her having to familiarize us with the word 'NO' detracts nothing from the warm feeling between her and the outfit. And, yes, I will add that, contrary to Mr. Wooley Dog Tom's belief, I proposed to her myself more than a year ago and was refused. Now—sharply—all of you scatter to the upper range and relieve the boys there. Keep an extra keen lookout, for the wolves are around again and liable to cause another bad stampede. Miss Tensie rode that way, you know, and brave and familiar with cattle as she is, I wouldn't like her to get in front of a stampede when wolves were behind; I don't think there is any real danger, of course, or I would have warned her. Wolves are not apt to venture out till night, but I shall go along."

"There had not been a serious stampede for several weeks, though scattering wolves were seen almost daily along the edge of the foothills. At night the cowboys were unusually vigilant, with occasional fires built at dan-

gerous points, and so the wolves had been kept back. And it was at night alone that danger was apprehended.

But the wolves had been growing hungry, and with hunger came boldness. An hour's riding, with ten miles left behind, and the cowboys saw the figure which they had only tried to keep within sight until suddenly and came toward them. A few moments later came a dull vibration of the earth which caused Robson to throw his horse forward, with a curse.

"Ride, boys," he yelled. "Stampede cattle, and you know. Miss Tensie's horse came thirty miles from her father's ranch this morning, and is too exhausted to lead a stampede driven by wolves. Ride as you never did before. Sweep in between her and the cattle and then turn, and, if need be, touch one of you die before a horse touches her horse."

"To blazes with you!" cried Wooley Dog Tom wrathfully. "What reason have you to say that? Ain't we all proposed to her last?"

But Tensie was a mile away, and before that distance was lessened by half the stampede had swept over the slope behind and was closing in on her. A quarter of a mile, and the crashing horns were less than dozen yards away; an eighth, and they were at her horse's flank.

Robson's face was set in rigid lines. He had ridden many miles also that morning, and his horse was not so fresh as his companions', but by sheer force of will he pushed the animal ahead of the others, two, three, four lengths, and when the crashing horns closed in upon Tensie's horse he was less than twenty yards away. But no power on earth could now check his terrific speed in advance of the onrushing stampede. A second, and his arm rose steadily and unerringly. There were two sharp reports, and then the cattle obliterated them.

A seeming truce may sometimes check or divide an avalanche. Almost simultaneously with the reports the two frenzied animals that were crowding upon Tensie's horse fell, and instinctively the cattle directly behind swerved a little to the right and left to avoid them. Others followed, and thus a narrow path was left through the stampede.

After the cattle had passed Tensie looked at her companion. His hand was grasping her arm, and she noticed that it trembled. Her own face was white, but her eyes had softened.

"Dick," she whispered, "you are a better cowboy than I am."

Blind Justice.

Captain Joe Nicholson, to memory dear in Detroit, used to tell of a long time prisoner who had been in the house of correction while the captain that institution.

Just before his term expired the captain called the captain and told him that justice was now done and that an honest man would start fresh in the world.

"But you have told me several times that you were innocent of the charge on which you were sent here."

"So I was, Captain Joe, and I can prove it. Here are the names of three witnesses. Get their statement and see whether I'm lying."

Just as a matter of curiosity the captain complied and found convincing evidence of the man's innocence.

The convict was called in and indignantly asked why he had not used his evidence in getting a new trial.

"I'll tell you, captain. In my time I was acquitted three or four times when I was guilty, so when I was convicted of something I never did I just thought I'd even things up by taking my medicine without kicking. Besides that, it sort of tickled me to find that justice had missed me at every shot."—Detroit Journal.

Too Logical.

Mr. Blank, head of the great business of Blank & Son, regularly scanned the attendance book, noting punctuality or otherwise. His son was the greatest offender, and he wrote across his entries, "Mr. George Blank keeps very bad time."

Mr. George, "bluffing," appended to this remark, "Time was made for slaves," and laughed much among the highest employees at his wit.

On the 1st of each month the cashier handed each employee his check in a sealed envelope. Mr. George was always eager for his, having expensive tastes of all kinds.

On the next payment after his rejoinder he opened his envelope and found a slip of paper on which was written: "Time is made for slaves. Time is money. But Mr. George Blank is not a slave; therefore he requires no money."

Mr. George, who was a university man, avowed that despite his former studies he found this proposition too logical for him.—London Answers.

A Sad Remainer.

A story is told by the writer of "Some Stories of the Concert Platform" concerning Mme. Patey, the famous English contralto. The singer was delighting a large audience in the town hall at Birmingham when a workman at the rear of the building was observed to be in tears. There was nothing in the words to account for this display of feeling, and had this been otherwise the famed prima donna was singing in the Italian tongue. But the grief of the man became more pronounced the more Mme. Patey had concluded. At length, amid a thunder of applause, the singer retired, and the stranger was asked the reason of his grief.

"She reminds me so of my daughter," said the tearful one. "She was in the singing line."

"But surely your daughter could not sing like that?" queried the man in the next seat.

"No," answered the mourner, with another sob; "but you never could tell what she was singin' about!"

There had not been a serious stampede for several weeks, though scattering wolves were seen almost daily along the edge of the foothills. At night the cowboys were unusually vigilant, with occasional fires built at dan-

gerous points, and so the wolves had been kept back. And it was at night alone that danger was apprehended.

But the wolves had been growing hungry, and with hunger came boldness. An hour's riding, with ten miles left behind, and the cowboys saw the figure which they had only tried to keep within sight until suddenly and came toward them. A few moments later came a dull vibration of the earth which caused Robson to throw his horse forward, with a curse.

"Ride, boys," he yelled. "Stampede cattle, and you know. Miss Tensie's horse came thirty miles from her father's ranch this morning, and is too exhausted to lead a stampede driven by wolves. Ride as you never did before. Sweep in between her and the cattle and then turn, and, if need be, touch one of you die before a horse touches her horse."

"To blazes with you!" cried Wooley Dog Tom wrathfully. "What reason have you to say that? Ain't we all proposed to her last?"

But Tensie was a mile away, and before that distance was lessened by half the stampede had swept over the slope behind and was closing in on her. A quarter of a mile, and the crashing horns were less than dozen yards away; an eighth, and they were at her horse's flank.

Robson's face was set in rigid lines. He had ridden many miles also that morning, and his horse was not so fresh as his companions', but by sheer force of will he pushed the animal ahead of the others, two, three, four lengths, and when the crashing horns closed in upon Tensie's horse he was less than twenty yards away. But no power on earth could now check his terrific speed in advance of the onrushing stampede. A second, and his arm rose steadily and unerringly. There were two sharp reports, and then the cattle obliterated them.

A seeming truce may sometimes check or divide an avalanche. Almost simultaneously with the reports the two frenzied animals that were crowding upon Tensie's horse fell, and instinctively the cattle directly behind swerved a little to the right and left to avoid them. Others followed, and thus a narrow path was left through the stampede.

After the cattle had passed Tensie looked at her companion. His hand was grasping her arm, and she noticed that it trembled. Her own face was white, but her eyes had softened.

"Dick," she whispered, "you are a better cowboy than I am."

Blind Justice.

Captain Joe Nicholson, to memory dear in Detroit, used to tell of a long time prisoner who had been in the house of correction while the captain that institution.

Just before his term expired the captain called the captain and told him that justice was now done and that an honest man would start fresh in the world.

"But you have told me several times that you were innocent of the charge on which you were sent here."

"So I was, Captain Joe, and I can prove it. Here are the names of three witnesses. Get their statement and see whether I'm lying."

Just as a matter of curiosity the captain complied and found convincing evidence of the man's innocence.

The convict was called in and indignantly asked why he had not used his evidence in getting a new trial.

"I'll tell you, captain. In my time I was acquitted three or four times when I was guilty, so when I was convicted of something I never did I just thought I'd even things up by taking my medicine without kicking. Besides that, it sort of tickled me to find that justice had missed me at every shot."—Detroit Journal.

Too Logical.

Mr. Blank, head of the great business of Blank & Son, regularly scanned the attendance book, noting punctuality or otherwise. His son was the greatest offender, and he wrote across his entries, "Mr. George Blank keeps very bad time."

Mr. George, "bluffing," appended to this remark, "Time was made for slaves," and laughed much among the highest employees at his wit.

On the 1st of each month the cashier handed each employee his check in a sealed envelope. Mr. George was always eager for his, having expensive tastes of all kinds.

On the next payment after his rejoinder he opened his envelope and found a slip of paper on which was written: "Time is made for slaves. Time is money. But Mr. George Blank is not a slave; therefore he requires no money."

Mr. George, who was a university man, avowed that despite his former studies he found this proposition too logical for him.—London Answers.

A Sad Remainer.

A story is told by the writer of "Some Stories of the Concert Platform" concerning Mme. Patey, the famous English contralto. The singer was delighting a large audience in the town hall at Birmingham when a workman at the rear of the building was observed to be in tears. There was nothing in the words to account for this display of feeling, and had this been otherwise the famed prima donna was singing in the Italian tongue. But the grief of the man became more pronounced the more Mme. Patey had concluded. At length, amid a thunder of applause, the singer retired, and the stranger was asked the reason of his grief.

"She reminds me so of my daughter," said the tearful one. "She was in the singing line."

"But surely your daughter could not sing like that?" queried the man in the next seat.

"No," answered the mourner, with another sob; "but you never could tell what she was singin' about!"

There had not been a serious stampede for several weeks, though scattering wolves were seen almost daily along the edge of the foothills. At night the cowboys were unusually vigilant, with occasional fires built at dan-

SCARED THE ARTIST.

Story of the Duke of Athall and the Cartoonist Leech.

Many years ago a Duke of Athall was held up to execution in Finch for shooting up Glen Tilt and forbidding all trespass under pains and penalties. This recalls a good story about John Leech, told by himself at a dinner given by his friend Millais, at which Landseer and Thackeray were present. It was Leech who "held up to execution" the Duke of Athall. Look in Punch of 1850 and you will see the old nobleman there depicted as a savage, snarling hound and underneath the picture the words "A Scotch Dog in the Manger." This is followed by another pleasantries at the expense of the duke, who in a scene from the burlesque performed at Glen Tilt is made to say, "These are Clan Athall's warriors true, and Saxons I'm the regular Dog."

Some time after this Leech, making a summer tour in Scotland, found himself toward nightfall walking "in the unprofessed heather of Glen Tilt, sacred to dukes and deer" and presently met, face to face, the duke on horseback, attended by a groom. "Is it possible," his grace exclaimed, "that I have the pleasure of meeting John Leech?" The artist, disconcerted, explained that it was growing late and he was on his way to the village inn to stay the night. The duke would not hear of this and, ordering his groom to dismount and help the artist into the saddle, insisted that the latter should go with him to the hall. Leech was overpowered by the old gentleman's kindness, and, as no refusal would be listened to, he accepted it. But he was still a little nervous. The duke noticed it, and it seemed to please him.

On arriving at a narrow and rather dangerous path skirting a precipice, seeing his companion hold back, he gruffly told him to advance. "Now," thought poor Leech, "he'll have his revenge." The duke spoke out, "Are you the man who slandered me in 'A Scotch Dog in the Manger'?" he sternly demanded. The artist felt his heart sink within him. He looked down from the dizzy height and thought of his wife and children. There was but one thing for him to do. He made a full confession and a full apology, and the old gentleman, having succeeded in thoroughly scaring him, magnanimously forgave him. Host and guest duly arrived at the hall, and dinner was ordered. Leech was shown to his dressing room, where he patiently awaited the sound of the gong. Hour after hour went by, and no sound came. He began to suspect that the duke's revenge was not complete and that he was being held a prisoner. He rang the bell.

It was answered by a scornful lackey. "I am afraid," said Leech, "that the dinner gong has sounded and I have not heard it. Is dinner ready?" "Sir," replied the pompous flunkie, "when dinner is ready you will hear the gong" and disappeared. Another hour went by. Hearing the bell, the flunkie entered. The same inquiry was made, and the same reply was given. Leech gave up in despair. But at last came 10 o'clock and with it the looked-for music of the gong. Dinner was served. It appeared that the duke had taken his usual nap and, being fatigued by the day's hunting, had overslept himself, and no one in the house had presumed to awake him.—New York Herald.

CHARLES F. KOCHER,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW
NEWARK: BLOOMFIELD
PRUDENTIAL BUILDING.

W. M. DOUGLAS MOORE
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
OFFICE: 149 Broadway, New York City.
Residence, 12 Austin Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

J. D. GALLAGHER, J. B. BAYARD KIRKPATRICK
GALLAGHER & KIRKPATRICK.
LAW OFFICES, 105 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
Residence, 376 Franklin Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

ALFRED B. VAN LIEB,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, NEWARK, N. J.
Telephone 104-A Newark.

J. F. CAPEN,
ARCHITECT.
Exchange Building, 45 Clinton Street, Newark.
Residence, 376 Franklin Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

DAVID P. LYALL,
PIANO-TUNER,
349 Franklin Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOCK BOX 144.

Chemicals. Colors. Dyes.
INK
Used in Printing this Paper
MANUFACTURED BY